Who's Boss

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Who’s Boss

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Giving a very good reward to your very good girl

Notes

Commissioned by Tsui_55 on twitter!

Thankkkkk you thank you for your patronage and idea for meno.

ME PERSONALLY I would not let him have this kind of treatment because he doesn’t deserve it but Yknow whatever it’s your comm I GUESS sighhhhhh

‘Twas plenty fun tho cause I haven’t write meno in a while

Thank you and hope you enjoy!

He was forced to write fenomeno with fem pronouns AUGHHHHHHHHHHH KILL ME AOIFUGAHHHHAHGSDUDO IT BURNS HELP ME IT HURTS AIUHHH

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The final signature on the stack of papers crowding your desk felt like a victory lap. The pen glided across the parchment, sealing the last of the week's logistics, and you leaned back in your swivel chair with a contented sigh.

It was a beautiful afternoon at Tracen Academy, the last day of the work week no less, the golden hour light filtering through the blinds and painting stripes across the carpet. Everything was perfect—the training schedules were optimized, the race permits were approved, and best of all, you had a very captive audience.

Behind you, the air was warm, heavy even as if it held some rather hefty baited breath. You didn't even have to turn around to know Fenomeno was there; her presence could be felt even from a bit away.

"Last one, Meno," you said brightly, tucking the folder away. "Just a few more seconds of patience. You've been so good today."

A sharp, hitching breath escaped the girl standing behind you. The sound of heavy-duty nylon rubbing together signaled her attempt to stand even straighter, if that were possible. "C-Copy, Boss! Standing by! I am prepared to maintain this position for as long as necessary!"

You chuckled, finally spinning your chair around. Even seated, you were looking at the midsection of a titan. Fenomeno was a vision of rigid devotion. Her hair slightly mussed from the day's patrol, her eyes fixed intently on a spot on the far wall, and her chest was heaving with an intensity that had nothing to do with a workout.

"Relax, officer," you teased, standing up and closing the distance between you. You reached up, your fingers grazing the red harness straps of her uniform as you straightened a buckle that didn't need straightening. "You've been such a hard worker these last few weeks. Helping the juniors with their starts, keeping the peace at the gates... you've been a very, very good girl."

Meno's ears twitched violently, pressing down against her hat before springing back up. A deep, dark flush crept up her neck, clashing beautifully with the purple undertones of her hair. "Boss... please... such high praise is... it is unnecessary... ngh..."

"Is it?" You hummed, stepping even closer so that you had to crane your neck back to meet those fierce, slanted eyes. You began to dote on her, your hands moving from her straps to her shoulders, feeling the rock-solid muscle beneath the fabric. "But you've been waiting so

patiently for your reward, haven't you? I saw you checking the clock. I saw how focused you were on finishing the drills early just to come back here."

"I... I merely wished to ensure my reports were delivered in a timely fashion!" She stammered, her voice dropping an octave as she looked down at you, her sharp gaze softening into something desperately vulnerable.

"Sit," you commanded softly, gesturing to the chair you had just vacated.

For just a second she hesitated, but your words won out. "A-affirmative," she whispered. She lowered her massive frame into the chair, looking entirely too large for the furniture, her long pants-clad legs tucked awkwardly as she looked up at you with wide, expectant eyes.

You turned away for a moment, reaching into your bag and pulling out a length of soft, dark cloth. When you turned back, Meno's breath hitched again.

"Boss? What… what do you plan to utilize that for?"

"Hush, Meno. Orders are orders," you murmured. You reached out and delicately lifted the large officer's cap from her head. The weight of it felt substantial in your hands. With a playful grin, you perched the cap onto your own head, the visor dipping low over your eyes, giving you a taste of her authority.

Meno watched you, transfixed, her hair spilling out more freely now that the cap was gone. You stepped behind her, leaning down so your lips were just inches from one of those sensitive, fuzzy ears.

"You don't need to see for this part," you whispered, the warmth of your breath making her entire frame shudder. "You trust me, don't you?"

"O-of course Boss, with... with my life," she choked out, hands gripping her knees so hard the fabric of her pants looked like it could actually tear.

You brought the cloth around, slowly covering those piercing violet eyes. As you knotted the blindfold at the back of her head, you felt the frantic rhythm of her pulse in her neck.

"Good girl," you breathed into her ear, watching her tail finally lose its battle with discipline and start to lash rhythmically against the floor. "Now, let's see just how well you can follow directions."

The blindfold worked its magic instantly. Without those sharp eyes to guard her dignity, Meno was reduced to a shivering mass of sensory input, her breathing turning into a series of jagged, shallow hitches. But you could tell she was putting in maximum effort to restrain them. You leaned in close, her hat still perched rakishly on your head, and let your fingers find the base of those tall, fluffy ears.

"You're trembling, Meno," you whispered, your voice a silky contrast to the heavy thud of her heart. "Is everything okay? I thought a representative of the Public Discipline Committee would have a little bit more composure than this."

You began to stroke the velvet-soft fur of her ears, tracing the delicate ridges with your thumbs. A low, guttural vibration started in her chest —a sound that was half-whimper, half-purr—as her head lolled back toward your touch. Her hair felt like silk between your fingers, yet wild and untamed compared to the rigid structure of her uniform.

"Boss... I... I am maintaining... operational status..." she gasped, her neck craning back instinctively as you moved your hands down. You traced the line of her throat, your fingertips dancing over the yellow shoulder cord and the thick buttons of her coat. You explored the weight of her uniform, the smooth texture of the red harness straps, and the sheer, overwhelming heat of her skin radiating through the fabric.

"Show me your hand, Meno. Palm up."

The order was quiet, but the reaction was instantaneous. Her large, gloved hand lifted from her knee, trembling as she offered it to you in the blind darkness. You took it in yours, peeling the glove off her hand by the tips, before feeling over her palm, playing with her fingers one by one. She was so big, so physically superior in every way, yet here she was, tilting her head and presenting herself to you like a loyal dog.

"Such a good girl," you cooed, leaning down to press a lingering whisper against the shell of her ear. "So obedient. Do you like it when I tell you what to do? When I take away your sight and make you rely entirely on my voice?"

"A-affirmative..." she choked out, her tail swishing against the seat

frantically. "I am... yours to command, Boss. Please... whatever you... haaah—!"

You stepped back toward your bag, the click of your heels on the floor the only sound in the room besides her heavy panting. When you returned, you weren't empty-handed. You held a thick coil of high-quality silk shibari rope, the bright red hue almost a direct match of the color gracing her face.

The first loop of rope slid as it settled over her shoulders, biting into the fabric of her uniform. Meno jumped, a small, embarrassed squeak escaping her as she felt the weight of the cord.

"Stay still, Meno. This is part of your evaluation," you teased, your voice dripping with mischievous intent.

You began to work as gently as you could, the rope winding around her massive frame, securing her arms to the back of the heavy-duty chair. You watched with delight as the silk pressed into her pockets and straps, creating deep divots in the fabric that emphasized the powerful curves of her body. Every time the rope crossed her chest or cinched around her waist, Meno squirmed, her face turning a shade of crimson that rivaled the red of her harness.

"Boss... this tension... it’s a violation of… m-my..." she whimpered, her muscular legs shifting restlessly as the rope began to coil around her thighs, pinning her firmly into the seat.

"The only violation here is if you try to move," you murmured, pulling a knot tight right against her sternum. You stood back for a moment, admiring the sight: your own formidable Fenomeno, blindfolded, bound in rope, and completely at your mercy. "You look really good like this, Meno, you know?"

You stepped back into her space, your hands sliding beneath the top of her coat. The contrast was intoxicating—the feeling of her uniform against the searing heat of her skin.

"Look at you," you purred, your fingers finding the hard, broad expanse of her chest muscles through her thin undershirt. You cupped them firmly, squeezing the dense muscle that powered her sprints. "So much power kept under such tight control. Does it feel good to let someone else hold the leash, Meno?"

A ragged, broken moan tore from her throat, her head snapping back as far as the blindfold and the ropes would allow. "Boss—please—

I'm... I'm… acting in such an uncouth manner…"

"Don't worry your little head about that." You laughed, leaning in to catch the skin of her neck between your teeth in a sharp, playful nip before soothing the spot with a lingering, wet kiss. "I'm the one who gets to worry about that kind of stuff. And I say you should feel every bit of this."

You began to blow hot, steady breaths against the sensitive, twitching base of her ears, watching the fine hairs stand on end. Your hands wandered lower, dancing over the lower edges of her shirt and her belt, tracing the taut lines of the shibari rope that dug into her thighs. You reached out and gave the main tension line a sharp, sudden tug, cinching the silk deeper into her body.

Meno let out a high-pitched, strangled cry, her massive body bucking uselessly against the chair. "Ngh! Boss! The pressure—it's too much—I can't—!"

"You can," you whispered, moving your lips so close to her ear it was encompassing your face. "You're a big, strong disciplinary officer, aren't you? You can take whatever I give you. In fact, I think your body is already begging for more."

You looked down, and a slow, devious smirk spread across your face. The straight-cut fabric of her pants, even reinforced for durability, was being pushed to its limit. A massive, unmistakable tent had risen between her legs, the sheer scale of her erection casting a dim shadow against her legs from the nearby lamp. It was a proud, twitching monument to how much she was enjoying her "reward."

"My, my, Officer Fenomeno," you teased, your voice dropping to a lewd, gravelly crawl as you reached down to trace the long, hard ridge of the bulge with a single finger. "Is this part of the standard-issue kit? Or are you packing something extra just for me, hm?"

"It's... it's not—!" she gasped, her face a mask of pure, unadulterated shame and desire. Her tail was moving around a frantic rhythm, shaking the very chair she was bound to. "I apologize! I'll—I'll suppress it immediately! This is a gross violation of—"

"You aren't 'suppressing' anything," you mused, leaning over her to knead her chest muscles again, your thumb grazing a hard nipple through the fabric. "I want to see exactly how worked up I can get you. You look so delicious like this, Meno—all big and powerful and completely helpless, sporting such a huge, needy hard-on from a little

touching. Tell me, does anyone else know that you act like this?"

The words seemed to really mess with what was left of her composure. Meno's hips gave a desperate, involuntary jerk upward, the rope biting deep into her waist as she let out a long, shuddering whine that vibrated through your entire office.

You could practically smell the scent of Meno's desperate, mounting arousal. You stepped back just an inch, just enough for her to feel the sudden absence of your warmth, and watched with a grin as her head lolled forward, searching blindly for you.

You reached out, not for the massive, twitching tent in her pants, but for the tension lines of the shibari. You gave them a sudden, violent snap once again, the rope digging against her uniform. Meno's entire frame jolted, her spine arching until her chest threatened to burst through the buttons of her coat.

"Ngh—Boss! Please... p-please don't leave me like this!" The rigid officer-speak was already collapsing, replaced by a raw, breathless rasp.

"Like what, Meno? You look perfectly fine to me," you teased, leaning in to blow a long, slow stream of hot air directly into the whorl of her ear. You followed it with the tip of your tongue, tracing the sensitive edge until she let out a broken, high-pitched keen. "Though I suppose we could make you a little more accessible."

With nimble fingers, you began to work at the fabric of her undershirt where the ropes didn't quite cover. You tugged and pulled, peeling the dark cloth away from her skin until the center of her chest was bared —a vast expanse of sweat-slicked, rock-hard muscle. You dove back in, your palms flat against her heat, kneading the broad pectorals and rolling the dark, stiff peaks of her nipples between your thumbs.

"Look at you, caving so easily," you whispered lewdly, your lips grazing the pulse point in her neck. "All that talk about justice and duty, and here you are soaking through your pants because your Boss is playing with your chest. You're such a good, girl, aren't you?"

"I... I am... Boss's... ngh, yes!" She finally broke, her head thrashing against the headrest. All her words were gone, replaced by the sheer, unadulterated lust of a mare in heat. "Please, Boss... i-it hurts... I'm so hard, it's—it's straining the seams... please touch it..."

"Touch what, Meno? I have no idea what you're talking about," you

lied, your voice dripping with mock innocence as you leaned down to lick a slow, salty trail from her collarbone up to the underside of her jaw. "I'm just rewarding my trainee for all her hard work. Is there something else you want?"

"I-I… I want you to nnmg—! Please just… please…" she sobbed out, her hips bucking in a rhythmic, hopeless quest for friction against the chair. The rope bit deep into her thighs, framing the massive, pulsing erection that was twitching in time with her ragged breaths.

"Such a needy girl too," you hissed, your hand migrating to her hair, fistfuls of raven locks winding around your fingers as you pulled her head back. "Begging for her trainer to handle her like an animal. If any of your peers could see you now... blindfolded and bound, whining for a hand to finish what I started. Does it get you going, Meno? Knowing I'm just going to keep you like this? All tied up and aching?"

"Yes... please..." she whimpered, her voice a total wreck of desire. "Call me a… good girl... Boss... please... I'll do anything... just don't stop..."

You didn't give her a second of reprieve. Your hands moved with a cruel precision, kneading the dense slabs of her chest and rolling her sensitive nipples between your fingers with increasing pressure.

"That's it, Meno," you crooned, your voice dark, giving her commands that brooked no resistance. "Be a good girl for your Boss. Show me just how much you can take before you break."

"Ngh—Boss! I'm—I'm losing it! I can't...!" Her voice was a wreckage of stammers and high-pitched keens. The eight-foot powerhouse was a mess of trembling muscle, her tail lashing so hard against the chair it sounded like a drumbeat. Every time you pinched or twisted, her hips gave a violent, involuntary jolt, the shibari ropes creaking as they strained against her sheer size.

"Such a good girl," you whispered, leaning in to nip at her earlobe while your thumbs worked her chest into a frenzy. "Look at you, shaking like a leaf. You're so close, aren't you? You're going to make a mess of that nice uniform, and you're going to do it right now for me."

The suggestion was the final blow. Meno's eyes—hidden behind the cloth—must have rolled back into her head as a small, pathetic sound tore from her throat. Her entire body stiffened, her spine arching so hard the chair groaned under the weight.

"BOSS! I'M—! I—!!"

She came explosively. The sheer strength of her physiology sent wave after wave of pleasure crashing through her frame. Her hips bucked heavily against the chair, the massive, pulsing tent in her trousers suddenly darkening as a heavy, hot soak bloomed across the navy fabric. It spread rapidly, the thick silk ropes biting into the wet cloth as she whimpered, her legs twitching in a desperate, post-orgasmic dance.

You didn't stop. As she continued to quiver and spill into her pants, you kept your hands on her, squeezing her chest and whispering lewd, doting praise into her ear. "Yes... keep going, fill those pants for me, Meno. What a good girl you are."

"Haa... haa... ah... Boss..." Her head fell forward, her breathing a series of wet, exhausted sobs. She was completely spent, her body heavy and limp against the restraints.

Slowly, you reached up, your fingers catching the edge of the blindfold. You didn't remove it entirely, just hiked it up enough for one of her eyes to peek out. It was blown wide, hazy with a mix of lingering lust and crushing embarrassment. You leaned in, pressing a soft, lingering kiss to her flushed temple, then shifted to look her right in that single, shimmering eye.

"Look at that mess you made," you teased, your thumb tracing the line of her jaw as you adjusted the officer's cap on your own head. "We’re going to have to do something about those pants, Officer. But for now... you were such a good girl today."

Meno could only let out a tiny, broken whine, her ear twitching weakly against your cheek as she drifted in the warm, sticky aftermath of her surrender.

End Notes

Stupid meno loser I SHOULD WHOOP HIS ASS

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!